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GIULIA GRISI.

GIULIETTA, or Giulia Grisi, was born at Milan, in 1812. She was the younger sister of Giuditta Grisi, a *mezzo soprano* of considerable celebrity in Italy at that time, who is still remembered both in Paris and London, and for whom Bellini wrote the part of Romeo, in his opera of *I Capuletti e Montecchi*. The famous Josephine Grassini, contemporary of Marchesi, Crescentini, and other celebrated singers of the great Italian school, was Giulietta's aunt; so that she came from a good stock in so far as musical genius is concerned. She was born on the 22nd of May—the *fête* of St. Giulia. Hence the name under which she was baptised.

As a child, Giulietta gave evidence of a quick ear; but there was no promise of her ever possessing a voice. On the contrary, she seemed to be afflicted with a chronic hoarseness, unprecedented at so tender an age, and so obstinate that her parents began to fear she was likely to fall into a decline. She was, however, so well tended, and taken such excellent care of, that these premonitory symptoms vanished. Still there was no very early sign of musical predisposition in Giulietta; and her friends and relations entertained but little idea that there would ever be a second Giuditta in the Grisi family, much less a Giulia, who, in the course of time, should rival even Grassini herself, the pride and honour of the race. The talents of the eldest sister had early developed themselves; and at the age of sixteen Giuditta had already won considerable reputation as a concert-singer in Milan. In 1823, two years later, she made her *début* at Vienna, in Rossini's opera, *Bianca e Faliero*, on which occasion she had the honour of singing with the already-renowned Henriette Sontag, whose youth, accomplishments, and great personal attractions were the rage in the Austrian capital, and the "toast" in every distinguished circle. After quitting Vienna, Giuditta Grisi sang successively at the theatres of Milan, Parma, Florence, Genoa, and Venice. At the last-named city, Bellini, then very young, composed the opera already named, in which the part of Romeo was allotted to her—Giuditta's voice, like that of her more eminent aunt, Grassini, being a *mezzo soprano*, if not, indeed, a *contralto*.

Meanwhile, the father of Giulia (an officer of engineers in the service of Napoleon) sent her to a convent, at a small place called Gorizia, where, at eight years of age, she began to learn the pianoforte under the tutelage of one of the *religieuses*, who happened to take a great fancy to the child—even at that time a flower of beauty. At the convent, however, Giulietta did not learn much, or, at least, her musical education made very slight progress, and her father, dissatisfied, removed her. From this time, she used chiefly to live with her sister Giuditta—either at Milan, with the family, or in the various towns and cities to which the latter was called by her professional engagements. It was soon remarked, that, whenever Giuditta was at the piano,

practising *solfeggi*, or learning the music of the parts she was about to sing, little Giulietta would be an anxious and attentive hearer. Her ear, as has been stated, was good, and her memory so quick and retentive that she could mimic her sister with ease, and, with extraordinary fluency and correctness, hum over the most difficult passages of vocalization, after hearing them only once. The extreme purity and freshness of her voice, its full and sweet quality in every tone, attracted equal attention. Such gifts were too precious to be thrown away—more especially in Italy, the land of song, where, although nearly all the women are warblers, music was the chief source of popular recreation, and a good voice is a safe key to fortune. Giuditta raved about the pretty voice and wonderfully accurate ear of her pretty sister, and was determined she should learn to sing without delay. Listening with eagerness to the voluble improvisations of her little self-taught minstrel—who, like the skylark addressed by the wondering poet Shelley, (unconscious that his own harmonious verse far surpassed the music of the bird), poured out her melody

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art—"

Giuditta would incontinently clasp her in her arms, cover her with kisses, and exclaim—"Thou shalt be more than thy sister, my Giulietta; thou shalt be more even than thy aunt! It is Giuditta tells thee so;—believe it."

When the sisters were at Bologna, Giuditta, who was very much occupied, placed Giulietta under a *maestro* of the name of Celli, from whom she took lessons—but only for a month. As these lessons, however, were on the rudiments of singing, they were extremely valuable to our youthful heroine, and served as a basis on which she could proceed with safety. She continued, therefore, to study alone, and with unremitting ardour, occasionally obtaining the advice and correction of her sister, during leisure hours. Thus she made rapid progress. Shortly afterwards Giulietta enjoyed the advantage of further instructions from Madame Boccabadati, a near relation of a singer of the same name who at the present time enjoys considerable reputation in Italy. From her she learned but little, and in a brief space was again thrown back upon her own resources. Time flew on swiftly, and having advanced far in her musical education, petted and encouraged by her sister, and urged on by a not uninfluential circle of friends, Giulietta began at last to dream of coming out upon the stage. Her sister, who was *prima donna* at the theatre in Bologna, being on very good terms with the *impresario*, matters were soon arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and the evening of the *début* was appointed.

It was in an opera of Rossini that Giulietta Grisi made her first appearance. The "Swan of Pesaro," the *gran maestro*, the great genius, the glory of Italy, the man of many operas and as many triumphs, was at Bologna at the time. He—prophet

as he is!—had taken no little notice of the young and charming aspirant, and personally interested himself in her *début*. Giulietta's voice was at that time a low *mezzo soprano*, and so it was agreed that she should make her appearance in the *contralto* part of Emma, in the serious opera of *Zelmira*. The evening came; the first essay was made;—trembling and anxious, Giulietta came forward, and was received with a flattering tribute of applause;—she opened her lips (then as now the prettiest and most provoking in the world); she sang, charmed, and triumphed! The step was taken, the wish accomplished, and a glorious and almost unparalleled career begun.

Giulietta Grisi was then seventeen—a bud of beauty just about to bloom, with the voice of a syren, a face like one of Correggio's angels, and a figure as symmetrical and chaste as any of the Madonnas of Raphael. She sang well too, fluently and without effort; while her acting gave signs of intelligence, and her movements and gestures were instinct with a sort of quiet grace—something, so to say, *ineffable*. How, then, with all these rich endowments, could she fail to please—nay, to delight? Youth is sure to please, a fine voice is sure to please, a well-proportioned form, a lovely face; each of these, separately, must exercise a potent charm; but Giulietta Grisi possessed them all in one. She more than pleased—she enchanted. Her sister, Giuditta, of a nature wholly affectionate, untainted by envy and altogether free from those jealous feelings which too often embitter and degrade the artistic character, was in ecstasies, and shed tears of joy—genuine and sisterly tears, flowing direct from the heart's fountain. Rossini was, in his own manner, quite as pleased, and prophesied a "*futuro brillante*" for his young and beautiful *protégée*. The knowing *maestro*, the sleek and prosperous "swan"—*fin qu'il fut*—foresaw more for himself; he foresaw a future Rosina, Elena, Semiramide, etc., for the glory and perpetuation of his own masterpieces.

With such endowments as Giulietta Grisi possessed, it was not likely she could long remain unnoticed, or be permitted to stay unmolested in a second-rank theatre, like the Opera at Bologna. Sig. Lanari, then *impresario* at Florence, a clever, industrious, scheming, and intelligent man, heard of the sensation she had created, and repaired at once to Bologna, to see the new Phoenix—the fame of whose beauty and accomplishments had spread far and wide—to judge of her merits for himself, and if possible, carry her off in triumph to "La bella Fiorenza," the queen of cities, the Athens of Italia, the centre of the arts and of (Tuscan) civilization. Lanari came, saw, and conquered. Bologna was robbed of its treasure, and Rossini and the Opera were left desolate. Cruel Lanari! And also cunning Lanari!—since, once having the *prima donna* in his power, he, with specious and wily eloquence, persuaded her to accept a very unprofitable engagement, by which she bound herself exclusively to him for six years, and at terms beneath mediocrity. The *scrittura* once signed, however, there was no alternative; and Giulietta, now for the first time initiated into the secrets of the life she had chosen, must do her utmost to make the best of it. Her father, unfortunately, was at Milan at the time; and Lanari was so pressing, quick, resolute, and peremptory in his proceedings, that she was allowed neither the time nor the means of consulting her most sagacious and natural adviser.

At Florence, Giulietta made her *début* as her namesake, Giulietta, in Bellini's *Capulets and Montagues*, Giuditta being the Romeo. The triumph of our heroine was even greater than at Bologna. She created a *furor*—a fever—in the Florence circles. The *Cafés* were thronged, day and night, with *di lettanti*, dia-

cussing her merits, apostrophizing her beauty, and drinking to her health. There was one toast—"à Giulietta!—*la bellissima Giulietta*—à la *squisitissima* Giulietta!—*la perletta dei cantatrici*!" And no one wonder the enthusiasm, almost frantic, which became epidemic in the city. Fancy Shakspeare's dream of Juliet realised! Fancy the lady—whose

— "beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear,"

the creature of the poet's imagination, the vision of that very girl, the soul of love incarnate—she before whose beauty the attractions of the worshipped Rosaline vanished into air—fancy this brought palpably, visibly, livingly before an assembled crowd of excitable people, and we can readily understand the result. Such was the impression made in Florence by Giulietta Grisi, on the occasion of her *début*; such was the second important step in her career.

Lanari, delighted with his good luck, was resolved to derive all the profit from it, which, by good management and successful speculation, could be ensured. So, having "turned his penny" at Florence, he sold our Giulietta to Crivelli, *impresario* of the Scala, for a large consideration. At Milan Giulietta met Pasta, who had long been the object of her young idolatry, although she had never seen or heard her. Pasta was the *prima donna assoluta* for the Carnival season; and Bellini was at Milan, composing an opera expressly for the grand lyric tragedian. The name of the new work was to be *Norma*; and those friends of Bellini, who were admitted to his intimacy, declared that this would be his masterpiece.

(To be continued.)

AN ADMIRER OF PHILIDOR.

(From "Le Ménéstrel.")

THE opera of *Ermelinde*, words by Poinsinet, and music by Philidor, obtained a great success, in spite of the weakness of the *libretto*. A few days after the first representation, a comical incident occurred in the green room of the opera, and, for a long time afterwards, furnished matter for the conversation and raillery of the *habitués*.

The Marquis de Senterre, a man of taste, and a good musician, whose opinion was received as oracular in all matters appertaining to the art, was delighted with the new opera, and burned with a desire to compliment Philidor. But the Marquis being blind, he ordered his guide to inform him the first time he met the author of *Ermelinde*. Soon afterwards, Poinsinet happened to come across the old amateur. The guide, imagining him to be the person the Marquis intended, conducted him to the poet.

"My lord," said the guide, "here is the author of the opera." "My dear *Maestro*," exclaimed the Marquis, embracing Poinsinet, "what a delicious evening's entertainment you procured me! Allow me to compliment you; your opera is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and your merit in composing it was all the greater that no one ever heard fine music adapted to a worse *libretto*! to such a senseless rhapsody!"

The reader may imagine Poinsinet's rage, and the embarrassment of the Marquis, when the laughter of the bystanders exposed the mistake he had committed.

HARMONIUM OPENING AT SEACROFT CHURCH.—On Sunday last the Rev. H. J. Longsdon preached two sermons to large congregations who had assembled to hear the opening services of an harmonium, by Mr. Julian Adams. The choir sang the anthems, chants, responses, etc. The collection was about £7, which will be applied to the purchase of music books and other choir expenses. The harmonium was supplied by Mr. Butterworth, through the Misses Wilsons, of Seacroft Hall. Mr. Butterworth presided, and the choir was augmented by the assistance of Messrs. Skinner, Bamford, Harper, and other gentlemen from Leeds.—*Leeds Paper*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

THE season just expired—the eighth—has been the shortest and most eventful since the Royal Italian Opera began its career in 1847. The theatre opened on the 1st of April (an ominous day)—nearly a month later than usual—and closes this day the 12th of August, considerably earlier than on most occasions.

But for the farewell performances of Madame Grisi, it is not easy to imagine how the Royal Italian Opera would have fared. A great number of the old subscribers were summoned by the war to the East and to the Baltic, and the absence of the Guards and Household Troops was severely felt. The interest occasioned, however, by the approaching departure of Madame Grisi more than counterbalanced the loss of the army and navy—staunch supporters as they are of the Opera—and as every one was naturally anxious to see the great artist once at least in each of her favourite parts, a succession of crowded houses was confidently reckoned on. Unfortunately, however, the Grisi nights were prejudicial to the others, and comparatively little attention was paid to any performance in which she did not appear; so that the season might with justice have been called the “Grisi season.”

In the prospectus issued at the commencement of the season, we find the following operas promised:—*La Vestale* (Spontini); *Le Domino Noir* (Auber); *Don Sebastien* and *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rossini); and *Oberon* (Weber). Three of these were positively to be produced. Only two, however, were given—*Matilda di Shabran* and *Don Pasquale*; but, in lieu of the third “positive,” we had Rossini’s *Le Comte Ory*, which was not promised at all. It is curious enough, that the *Comte Ory* should be announced for two successive years and not brought out; not announced the year following, and yet brought out. *La Vestale* was to have been given with Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, who was engaged for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera; but the management thought better of it, and declined to hazard the reputation of Spontini, (or, perhaps, of Cruvelli) this year. Auber’s *Domino Noir* was confidently expected, since, like the *Comte Ory*, it had been promised for two or three years. We question, nevertheless, whether the works from the repertoire of the *Opéra Comique* would succeed on the Italian stage. The dialogue would inevitably suffer by being converted into recitatives. *Oberon*, too, was generally anticipated; and *Don Sebastien* expected, though we confess we were somewhat surprised at mention being made of the latter in the programme. A burnt child dreads the fire. Mr. Gye had burnt his fingers with *I Martiri*, and would have no more to say to Donizetti’s Grand French Operas, and *Don Sebastien* looking better on paper than on the stage; it was left upon paper. But then *La Favorita* has done the management good service, so that really we scarcely know what to think on this head. On the whole, judged by the prospectus, the directors must be allowed to have kept faith with the public. Three new operas were promised out of six. Three were given—not exactly the three promised, since one was not promised; but the one not promised was Rossini’s *Le Comte Ory*, and that performance was as good as any promise.

The season commenced, as we have hinted, on Saturday, the first of April, with *Guillaume Tell*. (It is a coincidence worth noting that *Guillaume Tell* was also produced on the first night of the season in 1852, and on the first of April.) The cast differed in three or four instances from that of last season. Mad. Castellani was supplanted in Matilda by Mdle. Marai, a young debutante (from Vienna and St. Petersburg), who was at once acknowledged to be a great acquisition to the company. M. Zelger took the part of Walter, which last year was sustained by Herr Formes; and Mdle. Nantier Didiée appeared as Jemmy, in place of Mdle. Bellini. The general performance was open to objection. The first act was not satisfactory, but the second act was irreproachable. Sig. Tamberlik sang magnificently. The *Tyrolienne* was danced by Mdles. Battalini and Esper, the first

new to London, the second one of the most accomplished choreographers from Her Majesty’s Theatre. On the whole, this was one of the best “first nights” since the Royal Italian Opera was inaugurated.

Matilda di Shabran, the first novelty, was brought out on Tuesday, the 18th of April. It was put on the stage with great care, and scarcely anything was left undone to render it attractive. The cast comprised Madame Bosio, Mdles. Marai and Albini, Signors Luchesi, Tagliafico, and Ronconi. Madame Bosio sang the music of Matilda with exceeding fluency, and Signor Ronconi was wonderfully droll as Isidore. The entire performance gave the greatest satisfaction. Nevertheless, *Matilda di Shabran*, although it contains some of Rossini’s finest music, was only given twice. The patrons of the Opera were reserving themselves for the approaching “farewell of Madame Grisi.”

On the following Tuesday we had *L’Elisir d’Amore*, which, though supported by Madame Bosio and Signor Ronconi, as Adina and Dulcamara, failed to attract.

Thursday night, the 27th of April, was memorable for the first appearance of Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli at the Royal Italian Opera. This young and admirable dramatic singer-artist, made her debut as Desdemona in Rossini’s *Otello*. The night was the most brilliant hitherto of the season. A crowded and fashionable audience assembled, among whom were Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli was received with the greatest favour, and made a deep impression. Signor Tamberlik was as fine as ever in *Otello*; and the grand duet in the second act, the second between him and Signor Ronconi, produced the usual excitement.

On Thursday, May the 4th, *Fidelio* was revived, Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli assuming her own part of Leonora. The Queen and Prince Albert were again present, and the theatre was again filled with numbers, rank, and fashion. The performance of Beethoven’s *chef-d’œuvre* was magnificent as far as Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli and Signor Tamberlik were concerned, but imperfect in other respects. The chorus of prisoners went worse than badly.

Tuesday, May the 9th, was a great night for the Royal Italian Opera. The *Barbiers* introduced Signor Mario as Conte Almaviva, and Signor Lablache made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, in Doctor Bartolo, one of his most renowned impersonations. Signor Ronconi was Figaro, and Mad. Bosio, Rosina. The opera was performed à merveille, and, in addition to the above-named, Signor Tagliafico made a decided hit in Basilio, to which part he gave a new and vigorous reading. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the entertainment with their presence.

On Thursday, May 11, *Don Giovanni* was given with the following cast:—Donna Anna, Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli; Elvira, Mdle. Marai; Zerlina, Madame Bosio; Don Ottavio, Sig. Tamberlik; Don Giovanni, Signor Ronconi; Leporello, Signor Lablache; and Il Commendatore, Signor Tagliafico. Donna Anna was thoroughly suited to Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli’s passionate style and powerful voice, and her performance on this occasion was an epoch in her career. Madame Bosio sang the music of Zerlina charmingly. Signor Ronconi was as usual in the character of the profligate libertine; and Signor Lablache showed no diminution of his powers in Leporello. Signor Tamberlik’s splendid singing of “Il mio tesoro” was the event of the evening.

I Puritani, on Thursday, the 18th, introduced Sig. Lablache in his great part of Georgio. Signor Mario was, of course, Arturo, and Signor Ronconi, Riccardo. Madame Bosio made an interesting Elvira, and sang the music in an irreproachable manner, but wanted passion for the mad scene. The extraordinary “fact” of the evening was, that the loud duet, “Suoni la Tromba,” failed to elicit an encore. The theatre was full, and the Queen and Prince Albert were present.

Verdi’s *Rigoletto* was performed for the first time this season, on Saturday, May 20. The cast was the same as last year, and the opera, which seems to gain on the subscribers, was received with much applause.

Madame Grisi made her *rentrée* on Thursday, June the 1st, in *Norma*. Her reception was tremendous, and her singing was

extolled by the whole press. It was the first of the "farewell" performances, and the theatre was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience. Mdlle. Marai made a graceful and interesting Adalgisa. Signor Lablache appeared as Oroveso, and thus lent additional weight and importance to the cast. Signor Tamberlik was as good as ever in Pollio. *Norma* was followed by the second and third acts of *Masaniello*. It is to be lamented that the management should have been induced, by any consideration, to sacrifice Auber's great work, by allowing it to be mutilated in so disgraceful a manner. For the last two or three seasons, a show of respect was paid to the opera by presenting it at least once entire; but this year even that compliment was denied, and on no occasion have more than two acts been given, and these only as a makeshift to fill out the evening's entertainments when the first piece was not sufficiently long. We cannot be persuaded but that *Masaniello*, properly managed, and properly cast, would prove a sure attraction for one or two nights every season. But, of course, since the management has thought fit to cut it down into a *divertissement*, its vogue, as a complete work, is annihilated. Nothing can be more melancholy than to witness the performance of these two acts of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera. The principal singers coming on so late and so miscircumstanced, feel disheartened; the band is careless; the chorus worse; the conductor in a hurry; the audience apathetic and fatigued. The very name of *Masaniello* in the bills of the Royal Italian Opera is enough to keep a real lover of music from the theatre. But, there is now, we fear, no use in complaining; the chance is gone for ever of making Auber's masterpiece a lasting attraction in the *répertoire*.

The next event of the season was the first appearance, for three years, of Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia, who was welcomed, on Thursday the 8th of June, with genuine warmth, in her popular part of Fides, in the *Prophète*. Madame Viardot seemed in better voice than when she last sang at the Royal Italian Opera, and her performance was remarkable for energy and power. Mdlle. Marai, who appeared as Bertha, in the place of Madame Castellan, acquitted herself in a highly satisfactory manner. This young artist is making way in the estimation of the operatic public. Since Mdlle. Corbari was at the Royal Italian Opera, no *comprimaria* has been in such favour with the subscribers and *habitués*.

On Friday, June 9th, the first performance for the season of *Lucrezia Borgia* took place. Need we say that this was a great night for the Opera; that the performance was transcendent—with Madame Grisi and Signors Mario and Ronconi as principal interpreters, not forgetting Mdlle. Nantier Didiée, who makes so engaging a Maffeo Orsini—and that the audience were beside themselves with delight? Several of the subscribers, nevertheless, grumbled at having the Fridays included in the subscription. They argued that they did not stipulate for more than two nights in the week, and that it was an infringement of their rights to have this extra privilege thrust upon them. "Too much of one thing is good for nothing," was suggested as an axiom pertinent to the occasion.

The first performance of the *Huguenots*, on Saturday, June 24, filled the theatre to overflowing. The Queen and Prince Albert attended. The cast differed somewhat from that of last year. M. Zelger sustained the part of Marcel instead of Herr Formes, who had seceded to the new Royal Opera at Drury Lane; and Mdlle. Marai was substituted for Mad. Castellan in Marguerite. M. Zelger, by the way, was the original Marcel in London, when the *Huguenots* was first brought out at Drury Lane, in 1846, by the Belgian Company. The most remarkable fact in the performance of Saturday, June 24, was Mario's singing. He had evidently been husbanding his strength during the earlier part of the season, and sang with amazing power, especially in the famous septet, which produced a *furor*. The opera was finely given in most respects, and was, on the whole, one of the best we have heard.

Don Pasquale was produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday, June 29. The cast all but recalled the most glorious days of Her Majesty's Theatre. It included Madame Grisi—Norina, Ernesto—Signor Mario, Doctor Malatesta—Signor Ronconi, and Don Pasquale—Signor Lablache.

The opera was delightfully performed, and Madame Grisi, who for a long time had not had an opportunity of displaying her talents in the comic line, enchanted everybody with the spirit and *naïveté*, buoyancy, ease, and perfect grace of her acting. Signor Lablache was as unctuous and grandiloquent as ever in the Don, and Signor Ronconi made a piquant, lively, gentlemanly, and very original Doctor Malatesta. Signor Mario renewed the old enthusiasm in "Com' è gentil," and was, of course, encored.

The next novelty was Gnecco's opera buffa, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, which was produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, on Monday, July 3, after *Norma*. The cast included Madame Viardot, Signori Stigelli, Ronconi, and Lablache. The performance provoked much laughter, but little real interest. Three or four seasons ago the well-known duet, "Oh! guardate, che figura"—the best *morceau* in the opera—used to be occasionally sung with much effect by Mad. Viardot and Signor Tamburini. The rest of the music is of little worth. Madame Viardot introduced the famous *rondo finale* from Balfé's *Maid of Artois*, which Alboni used to sing so brilliantly at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Don Pasquale*. Signor Ronconi was highly amusing as the starved poet.

On Saturday, July 8, *Otello* was repeated, with Mad. Viardot as Desdemona in place of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, and Signor Lablache as Elmiro instead of Signor Tagliafico. Mad. Viardot was no improvement on her predecessor; on the contrary, she has neither the voice nor appearance of Mdlle. Cruvelli, and in Desdemona these are important essentials. There were many fine points, nevertheless, in the performance of Mad. Viardot, which displayed the highest *intelligence* throughout.

La Favorita was given for the first time this season on Thursday, July 13. The performance was unexceptionable; Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario displaying all their former excellence in Leonora and Fernando. Signor Lablache appeared as Baldassare, and gave great weight to the opera by his impressive acting and fine singing. Signor Bartolini, who had previously performed the part of Riccardo in *I Puritani*, assumed that of King Alfonso XI. Signor Bartolini has a fine voice and with study may become an artist.

On Friday morning, July 21, a second Grand Morning Concert was announced—the first having taken place on Friday, July 14, for the benefit of Mr. Benedict—in which Madame Grisi was to make her last appearance at a concert in England. Madame Grisi was taken ill, however, and could not appear. The audience were disappointed, and were indifferently prepared to put up with some alterations necessitated in the programme by Signor Mario not having arrived at the theatre in time. *Bref*—there was a "row," the details of which it is not necessary to recapitulate. The malcontents were only appeased by an offer of the return of their money. At this concert, Mdlle. Clauss and M. Vivier both performed, and with eminent success. Mad. Bosio created an immense sensation in the cavatina from *Ernani*, "Ernani, involami;" and Madame Viardot was loudly applauded in the *rondo finale* from *La Cenerentola*.

We have nothing new to record up to Tuesday, August the 8th, when Rossini's *Le Comte Ory* was produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The intermediate nights were devoted to *Don Pasquale*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, *Lucrezia Borgia* with *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, *La Favorita*, *L'Elixir d'Amore*, with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, and *Norma*, with the second act of *Il Barbiere*. Mdlle. Robert, the well-known and eminent danseuse, from the Grand Opera in Paris, made her *réentrée*, on Tuesday, August 1st, in the *divertissement* in *La Favorita*.

On Monday last—let the day and date be specified, August 7th, 1854—Madame Grisi took her last benefit, and bid farewell for ever, to the English public. She appeared in the first act of *Norma*, and the first three acts of the *Huguenots*. The night was the most memorable in the annals of the Royal Italian Opera, and can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present. As we have spoken of this event at length in its proper place, it is only necessary to say here, that the trebling the prices of admission gave much dissatisfaction, and did not answer expectation. The house was crowded certainly in the boxes, stalls, and amphitheatre, but not the pit

and gallery. The performance both of *Norma* and the *Huguenots* was magnificent, and left an impression on the audience never to be effaced.

On Tuesday, August the 8th—two days previous to the closing of the theatre—Rossini's *Comte Ory* was produced for the first time at this establishment. The opera is one of Rossini's most charming and brilliant, but the *libretto* is queer. The music was exceedingly well executed by Mesdames Bosio, Marai, and Nantier-Didié, Signors Luchesi, Tagliafico, and M. Zelger; and the performance was received with loud applause.

The eighth season has, we believe, been prosperous on the whole. The farewell nights of Madame Grisi have been very successful, and the three weeks previous the business was excellent. The off-nights, however, as they might be termed, suffered by the great attraction of Mad. Grisi's "farewell," which, though it benefited the theatre in one respect, may be said to have injured it in another. Yet there is little doubt but that for her the season of 1854 would have been equivocally profitable. Many of the subscribers had gone to the seat of war; the opera, as we have said, lost the support of the army and navy; the omnibus boxes presented a blank appearance; the stalls yawned for their old occupants; and, besides, people were naturally more interested in the bulletins of Omar Pasha than in the melodies of Rossini, and cared more for the guns of the Moslem warriors than for the canons of Beethoven. But, then, the *last nights of Grisi!* Nothing could rob them of their interest. The sensation her departure created was profound and universal, and it remains to be seen how the Royal Italian Opera will get on without her. All we hope is that the directors may have the luck to hit upon her legitimate successor.

We shall have a few more last words to say next week. Meanwhile, we should state that during the past season M. Desplaces retained his post of *maitre-de-ballet*; that Mr. Harris continued to officiate as *regisseur* and director of the *mise-en-scène*; that Mr. W. Beverley was the scene-painter as before; and that Mr. Godfrey and his military band lent their assistance in giving effect to the French grand operas. Moreover, Signor Maggioni remained as poet to the theatre, and Signor Monterasi as prompter; Mr. Alfred Mellon preserved his station as leader of the ballet, and Mr. Costa was undisturbed in his triple post of Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD leaves London to-day on a tour on the Continent. She will first visit Paris, and thence proceed to Germany, where it is her intention to visit some of the principal watering-places and several of the most musical cities, such as Leipzig, etc. We have little doubt that she will have a hearty reception from the German *dilettanti*, who know better what fine pianoforte-playing is than most people.

AN UNEXPECTED EFFECT.—"When I was studying the character of Fidelio at Vienna," said Mad. Schroeder Devrient, "I could not attain that which appeared to me to be the desired and natural expression at the moment when Leonora, throwing herself before her husband, holds out a pistol to the Governor, with the words, 'Kill first his wife.' I studied and studied in vain, though I did all I could to place myself mentally in the situation of Leonora. I had pictured to myself the situation, but I felt that it was incomplete without knowing why or where. Well, the evening arrived; and God, but not the audience, knows with what feelings an artist, who enters seriously into the part, dresses for the representation. The nearer the moment approached, the greater was my alarm. When it did arrive, and as I ought to have sung the ominous words and pointed the pistol at the Governor, I fell into such utter tremor at the thought of not being perfect in my character, that my whole frame trembled and I thought I should have fallen. Now, only fancy how I felt when the whole house broke forth into enthusiastic shouts of applause, and what I thought when, after the curtain fell, I was told that this moment was the most effective and powerful of my whole representation. So that which I could not attain with every effort of mind and imagination, was produced at this decisive moment by my unaffected terror and anxiety. This result, and the effect it had upon the public, taught me how to seize and comprehend the incident, and so that which at the first representation I had hit upon unconsciously, I adopted in full consciousness ever afterwards in this part."

THE PANOPTICON ORGAN.

The mechanical arrangements of the Panopticon Organ having been discussed in our former article, we proceed to consider its musical features. A tabular list of its registers was inserted in the first short notice of the organ which appeared some time since in the *Musical World*; but as so distant a reference may be inconvenient, we re-print it:—

GREAT ORGAN.		Feet.
1. Double open Diapason	metal and wood	16
2. Open Diapason	metal	8
3. Open Diapason, No. 2	wood	8
4. Stopped Diapason,		8
5. Quint	metal	6
6. Octave		4
7. Octave Quint		3
8. Wald Flute	wood	4
9. Super Octave	metal	2
10. Sesquialtra, 3 ranks		"
11. Mixture, 3 ranks		"
12. Furniture, 3 ranks		"
13. Trumpet		16
14. Posauone		8
15. Trumpet		8
16. Clarion		4
CHOIR ORGAN.		
1. Double Stopped Diapason,	wood	16
2. Gamba	metal	8
3. Dulciana		8
4. Stopped Diapason,	metal and wood	8
5. Gemshorn	metal	4
6. Octave Quint		3
7. Super Octave		2
8. Cymbal, 2 ranks		"
9. Stopped Flute		4
10. Piccolo	wood	2
11. Bassoon, Bass.	wood	8
12. Trumpet	metal	8
SOLO ORGAN.		
1. Grand Tuba Mirabilis,	(Tuba Organ) metal	8
2. Grand Clarion (Tuba	Organ) metal	4
3. Claribel	wood	8
4. Harmonic Flute	metal	4
5. Flageolet		2
6. Doublette, 2 ranks		2
7. Vox Angelica, 2 ranks		8
PEDAL ORGAN C.C. TO F.		
1. Double open Diapason,	wood	32
2. Open Diapason		16
3. Open Diapason	metal	16
4. Bourdon	wood	16
5. Octave	metal	8
6. Octave Quint		6
7. Super Octave		4
8. Sesquialtra, 5 ranks		3
9. Trombone		16
10. Octave Trombone		8
11. Drums CC—C.		
COUPLERS.		
1. Swell to Great		
2. Choir to Ditto		
3. Solo to Ditto		
4. Pedal to Ditto		
5. Pedal to Choir		
6. Pedal to Swell		
7. Pedal to Solo		
9 Composition Pedals.		

With the exception of the second 8-feet trumpet, the composition of the Great Organ does not differ from that of several celebrated examples from the same manufactory. The recognizable features of Mr. Hill's practice—the metal double diapason, the metal quint, the wald flute, and the three-times-three ranks of mixture—are here in their usual force. But the general effect is grander than that of any Great Organ of equal size we know. To fully realise this superiority, however, the listener must make two or three experiments as to his whereabouts in the building. The Panopticon "Hall," handsome and attractive as it unquestionably is, is anything but assistant to the effect of the organ. Not, probably, that the circularly-formed space, or the glazed dome, or the quantity of material for embellishment and exhibition, has any specially repulsive or unsympathetic quality as regards musical tone. The fault seems to consist chiefly in the depth of the recess at the end of which the organ is placed. Be this as it may, the full Great Organ tone does not penetrate the building with the voluminous power which rightly belongs to it. As we have warned him, the hearer will have to practise placing himself; but, having found the favourable spot, he will not fail

to be struck with the grand and noble quality, as well as quantity, of tone to which he listens. In fact, it would be difficult to speak too highly of the *mixing* of the full Great Organ, in its best and only proper sense. It is as near an approach as one can easily hear to that great, wide, all-extending sound, that tone having "length, breadth, and thickness," which is the professed desire of all organ-builders, and the certain despair of so many. Difficult to imitate as may be this fine effect, there is no secret about it. Chance-work or witchcraft has no part in it. It hangs to no wonderful discovery, no much-puffed patent, no hyper-lauded invention, no quack-medicine of any kind. It results wholly from practised skill, large experience, and a determined zealous care to lose no chance of doing the very best. As one of the contributive processes, let us notice the consideration evidently bestowed on the scaling, as well as on the voicing of the flue-work of this Great Organ. The metal double diapason, while not so small as to degenerate, either in power or quality, to a dulciana, is still just so small as, while retaining its diapason quality, to operate merely in breadthening the full combination, and without having the least disposition to stand out solo-fashion even when used only with the eight feet registers. The quint, which generally proves a "teaser" to young experimenters, is also beautifully managed in these respects, and the compound stops are perfect models in their class. There is a *purpose* about everything connected with these mixture stops, highly deserving of praise for the care it discloses. The harmonic arrangement of their intervals is skillfully planned, and their *breaks* are so contrived to balance each other, as to create no patchy stops of either thinness or redundancy. Their scales increase enormously, as they ascend through the upper octaves of their compass, and this increase of size is variously distributed as this or that rank is intended to act conspicuously in the general chorus. These arrangements yield a vast increase of power by the addition of each three ranks, while the force of the united nine, great as it is, is still *tone*, genuine tone. The whole flue-work, nine ranks of mixture and all, is grand, strong, brilliant, musical. There is not a whistle or scream in it from first to last.

Before speaking of the reeds which play so important a part in this Great Organ, we think it useful here to recur, for a moment, to the compliment we paid the "mixing" of its full combination, with the accompanying qualification, "in its best and only proper sense." It may seem strange that there could be other than one sense in which the full combination of an organ can be said to *mix*. It is, nevertheless, true that there exists another interpretation of the term; and as this second, and, as we think, "non-natural" sense, has acted largely in the production of bad organs, a few lines on the subject, digressive though they be, may not be without value. Among organ-players, organ-schemers, amateurs, and builders—some of the latter, too, being men who have latterly risen into considerable reputation—there exist not a small proportion of this vicious opinion. Their theory is that the reeds of an organ should "mix" with its flue-work—not in the sense in which we understand this mixing, namely, that both should march on parallel lines of importance—volume for volume, force for force—but on the principle of absorbing the former into the latter, of taming down the reeds until their individuality is lost in the surrounding mass, and they cease to act otherwise than as thickeners, or *muddlers* perhaps is the better term, of the general roar. This doctrine may afford a very convenient shelter for such builders—and their number is, unhappily, too large—who have not arrived at the art of making a fine reed, but is, nevertheless, one of the most pernicious of the absurdities prevalent on the subject of organ-factors. In no point are reeds so contrasted with flue-works as in *quality*. They are to the diapasons, principals and mixtures, as is the brazen choir to the rest of the orchestra. They must be ready to lend force, and great force too, it is true; but their characteristic office is to impart brilliant, dashing, blazing colour. Their entrance must change the whole character of tone then issuing from the instrument, or they are worthless. Like the crash of trombones in the orchestra, their appearance must bring with it not only the climax of *forte*, but that particular class of *forte* which nothing else can give. All this should

appear obvious enough, and the practice of the *great* builders all over the world has proved the correctness of the principle. And yet there are plenty of people who still live in horrible dread of a "predominant" trumpet; and the fruit of their theory has, unfortunately, too frequent illustration. Our readers need not travel far in quest of organs—and some of much bulk and pretension—in which it is difficult to recognise the presence of the reeds, save by the uncomfortable sensation of *muddle* they impart to that which might be passably clear without them. To produce the class of reeds we advocate is, undoubtedly, not easy. They must combine three qualities—namely, power, liquidity of tone, and rapid articulation—which, though not necessarily antagonistic, are difficult to unite. The thing, however, has often been done, and can be done again by those who know how. And if those who don't would condescend to exchange a little conceit for the like amount of study, we might possibly have a greater number of good organs and fewer puffs concerning them.

The reeds of the Panopticon Great Organ abundantly prove Mr. Hill's recognition of the principle for which we have been contending, as well as his ability to carry it out. When used, there can be no doubt of their presence, nor of the splendid service they render to the general volume of tone. In power and quality they are alike admirable. They have sound-boards distinct from those of the flue-work allotted them, and are thus secured from the evils of overcrowded space and paucity of wind. The upper two octaves and a half of their compass are supplied with air at a higher pressure than that used for the bass and tenor parts of the scale; this being only the second instance in which Cavaille's "increasing pressure" system has been adopted in this country.* It is to be regretted that this system, so philosophically true in theory, and so admirable in the results worked out from it in Cavaille's large organs, has been applied *only* to the reeds of the Panopticon Great Organ. It is true that, by the unusually large scales selected for the upper part of the flue-work, a considerable amount of the weakness generally found in the organ-trebles has been avoided. But the evil is only mended, not cured. No one knows better than Mr. Hill that large scales, unaccompanied by equivalently high air-pressure, yield only half their due effect. The Panopticon Great Organ trebles are better than usual, without doubt; but they still have not the power of contending, in single passages, against sustained harmony in the bass, which, firstly, is essential, especially to a concert-organ; secondly, is found in the best French instruments; and, thirdly, would have been equally displayed at the Panopticon, had the French system, there partially adopted, been wholly carried out.

The Choir Organ is, we rejoice to find, treated in this arrangement with more respect, as to its contents, than is usual; and the result fully warrants the extra care bestowed. The number and selection of the stops is highly useful, and their quality—except the wood part of the clarinet, which we cannot like—is admirable. The Swell Organ possesses no features unusual in the larger examples of Mr. Hill's practice; and it may therefore be sufficient to say of it that it is fully equal to the best of its maker's work of the kind.

The Solo Organ we think a mistake. A fourth manual, to be really of service equivalent to its extra cost, should place effects under the performer's command which could not be in any other way attained. Such, for example, as extraordinary qualities of tone not to be produced by any combination of the other manuals; and solo-stops, flutes, and reeds of various kinds, on such an amount of air-pressure that their force should penetrate when required through anything short of the *fortissimo* of the rest of the instrument. Except in the case of the "Grand Tuba Mirabilis"—the effect of which is magnificent—nothing of the kind is attempted; and, therefore, except as to the "Tuba" aforesaid, we do not see the gain to the performer in this fourth manual. The peculiar qualities attempted—namely, the Harmonic Flute, the Vox-Angelica, and the Vox-Humana—are certainly failures. The Harmonic Flute is of too small a scale and does not speak truly. The two ranks of the Vox-Angelica

* The first was the organ built last year by Messrs. Gray and Davison for the Glasgow City Hall.

are turned too much out of unison, so that the effect is a rapid beat, instead of a slow and but just perceptible undulation, which is the proper characteristic of this stop. The Vox-Humana has been spoilt in attempting to make its tone *too good*, and it has not, consequently, that peculiar thin, wailing, quality, which forms its inexpressible charm when used by a player thoroughly conversant with its effect. Furthermore, the greatest possible mistake has been committed in not inclosing this stop in a swell-box. The effect of mystery imparted by distance, the power of *crescendo*, and the right use of the tremulant, is one half of the secret of its success. The three stops here complained of are not for a moment comparable to those of the same kind in the Glasgow organ of Gray and Davison.

A glance at the list of stops contained in the pedal organ, coupled with Mr. Hill's notorious success in this department, renders anything on our part, beyond recording its excellence, unnecessary. It is just what a pedal organ should be;—ample in power, magnificent in quality, and, in truth, a *bass* to the rest of the organ, asserting its prerogative without displaying the least ambition of performing a solo to the detriment of its neighbours.

We have thus run, somewhat hastily, through the musical part of the Panopticon Organ; but there still remain peculiarities in it for remark, lessons to gather by it, texts to preach from; and of these we shall, as time serves, avail ourselves, we trust with some benefit to our readers and the "cause" of organ-building.

PROVINCIAL.

The provincial towns are beginning to sound the notes of preparation for the autumnal campaign. We find the following in the *Liverpool Mail*, of Saturday, August 5th:—

"During the week commencing September 4, the operas of *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Otello*, *Fidelio*, and *Ernani*, will be given at the Theatre-Royal. In addition to Mesdames Cruvelli, Marai, and Albini, and Signor Tamberlik, Tagliafico, Bartolini, and Luchesi, the chorus, from the Royal Italian Opera, will be numerous. Mr. A. Harris will be stage-manager, and Mr. Jules Benedict conductor."

We extract from the same paper the following:—

"On Tuesday, a meeting of the friends and admirers of Mr. Vandenhoff was held at the Clarendon Rooms, and the following resolutions relative to his proposed retirement from the stage, were unanimously adopted:—'That this meeting, entertaining a high estimate of the private worth of John Vandenhoff, Esq., and remembering with satisfaction his long connection with the Liverpool stage, cannot help viewing his announced retirement, while still in the full possession of his mental and physical powers, as a serious loss to the national stage, of which he has been so long a distinguished ornament.'—'That this meeting would respectfully impress upon Mr. Vandenhoff the propriety of reconsidering the determination at which he has arrived; and that a deputation be appointed to wait on Mr. Vandenhoff.' Thanks were passed to the chairman, Mr. James Aikin, and the meeting separated. On Thursday, the deputation, according to appointment, waited upon Mr. Vandenhoff, at the Waterloo Hotel, when Mr. James Aikin explained the object of their visit, and read the resolutions. Mr. Vandenhoff, who was visibly affected, replied at considerable length. He added, to his acceptance of their proposal, that, as he first tasted the triumphs of his art in this town, so here he would lay down his sceptre, his truncheon, and his sword. '*Hic cæsus artemque reponam.*'"

THE SHILLING ORATORIOS AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL have begun. *Judas Maccabæus* is to be given on the 15th. Miss Stott, Miss Santley, Mr. Haigh (of Dublin), and Mr. Armstrong, are to be the principal vocalists. Mr. George Hirst will preside at the organ, and Mr. William Sudlow conduct. The chorus will number 200.—After a long interregnum, the Philharmonic Society give a concert on the evening of Friday, the 25th, for which they have engaged Mdlle. Cruvelli, Signor Tamberlik, Mdlle. Marai, Mdlle. Cotti, and Signors Tagliafico, Luchesi, Polonini, and Susini, with Mr. Benedict at the pianoforte.—On Monday, Mr. B. Webster, Madame Celeste, Miss Woolgar, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Mary Keeley, from the Adelphi Theatre, in London, commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal.

The following is from the *Liverpool Times* of Thursday:

"The engagement of Mr. Vandenhoff at the Royal Amphitheatre terminated on Friday night, when he played *Richelieu* for his benefit, to a crowded audience. At the conclusion of the play, he stated that, at the request of his friends, he had postponed his farewell benefit, which would positively take place in Liverpool, and perhaps next year. On Monday Mr. Barry Sullivan commenced a fortnight's engagement. On Monday evening a part of the company of the Adelphi Theatre, London, consisting of Mr. B. Webster, Madame Celeste, Miss Woolgar, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Mr. Parselle, commenced an engagement at this establishment, when two of the most recent metropolitan novelties, *Two Loves and a Life*, and *Hopes and Fears*, were produced with success. Several other pieces have been played, and to-morrow night Mr. Webster will produce, for his benefit, an almost literal translation of Molière's *Tartuffe*, by Mr. John Oxenford."

The same paper asserts, on its own authority, that Mr. Webster's performance of *Tartuffe* was "pronounced by Rachel to be the best she ever witnessed."

The following is from the *Manchester Courier* of Saturday:—

"The company from the Royal Italian Opera, in London, including Cruvelli, Tamberlik, Tagliafico, and others, are to perform at the Theatre Royal during six nights, commencing with Saturday, the 26th inst."

The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* states that Mr. Davenport and Miss F. Vining appeared on Monday evening in the play of *St. Marc*, in which they were successful on a previous visit to Manchester. Their acting and that of Mr. Mead is praised; but the performances are not attractive in a pecuniary sense.

REVIEWS.

"THE STRANGER MAIDEN," (DAS MÄDCHEN AUS DEM FREMDE.) Translated from the German of Schiller by J. H. Merivale, Esq. The music composed by F. Weber. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

It is not, perhaps, easy to set such a poem as Schiller's *Mädchen* to music, without being fragmentary. Mr. Weber has made a *scena* of it, and there is some clever working in more than one of the movements, and a general evidence of sound musicianship throughout. On the whole, however, it produces the effect of lengthiness; and the fragmentary character at which we have hinted has not been altogether avoided, although both the design and the employment of keys with reference to the principal (G major) is perfectly plain and consistent. We very much admire the setting of the words "*Sie war nicht in dem Thal geboren*," (in G minor); and in page 5, the accompaniment is happily varied, at the *reprise* of the first subject. The words are translated into English with great ability.

"UNE NUIT À SEGOVIA." Serenade Espagnole, Morceau Élégant pour le Pianoforte. "AU BORD DU LAC." Nocturne, No. 4, de l'Eclair des Pianistes. Par Adolphe Fumagalli. Wessel and Co.

Two very favourable examples of the species of pianoforte music for the drawing-room now most in vogue. M. Fumagalli is a young Italian pianist of rising reputation, and his compositions are already sought for. The "*Nuit à Segovia*" is a brilliant movement, waltz measure, in the key of D. The "*Bord du Lac*" is a nocturne of the ordinary modern school, by no means ungraceful, but presenting no new points to call for observation. Both pieces, though essentially ladies' pieces, are somewhat difficult. On the other hand, they are showy and effective. But why such romantic titles? Why a waltz at Segovia, and a nocturne on the banks of a lake? Why?

"THUS EVER THE WORLD AROUND," sung by Mr. Henry Phillips. Written and composed by J. W. Thirlwall. W. Bлагrove.

An honest, straightforward, hearty, unpretending English song, in the good old style, the words telling a pleasing story well, and the music consisting of a genuine tune. In the *refrain*, which occurs after every verse, Mr. Thirlwall should fill up the harmonies. He would thus avoid the unsatisfactory effect of the chord of the 6-4, without its 6—or, in other words, of a tonic fifth on a dominant base—and make his ballad, as Shelley says, "refutation-tight." By the way, the *refrain* might advantageously be set in chorus. Mr. Henry Phillips is welcome to the hint.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S.—*The full title of the book in German is "Mozart's Leben, nebst einer Uebersicht der allgemeinen Geschichte der Music, und einer Analyse der Hauptwerke Mozart's, von ALEXANDER OULIBICHEFF, Ehrenmitglied der philharmonischen Gesellschaft in St. Petersburg."*—["The Life of Mozart, with a Survey of the general History of Music and an Analysis of the principal Works of Mozart, by ALEXANDER OULIBICHEFF, Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg."]]

THE BLACKBURN AND HUDDERSFIELD ORGANS.—*The Report on these two instruments is in the press, and will be published next week.*

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—*In our Memoir last week of John Braham, for "D flat minor" read "B flat minor."*

INQUISITOR.—*To the first question, Enrico. To the second, 38. To the third, Yes. The memoir will appear on some future occasion; but we cannot pledge ourselves to the exact period.*

A CONSTANT READER OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—*Such cases are by no means confined to those who have studied in the Royal Academy of Music.*

T. C. H.—MAD. TEDESCO.—*We have had no confirmation of the report about the death of this clever singer by cholera. We trust that it may shortly be contradicted. MAD. CHARTON DEMEUR is at Rio Janeiro.*

PIANISTA.—MDLLE. CLAUSSE is residing near Fontainebleau. In the winter she goes to Holland.

DIED.

On the 4th inst., Henry Aloys Praeger, formerly Chapelmaster to the late Duke of Cambridge, at Hanover. A composer and violinist of reputation.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1854.

THE London Sacred Harmonic Society has survived another year, and if it has done nothing for the art, it has at least not disappointed expectation. This society may be said to hang by the thread of Mr. Surman's professional existence. Were Mr. Surman to retire from the field of harmony, like Cincinnatus from that of war and politics, it is improbable, at any future time, that like Cincinnatus he would be recalled. Cincinnatus was an expert soldier and a wise statesman. He was, moreover, a patriot, a man of simple habits and few wants, not ambitious, and caring little who ruled the helm of State, provided that he to whose care it was confided guided it for the benefit of the country, which Cincinnatus loved, in spite of its ingratitude. Cincinnatus was of the people, and content to be generalissimo, common soldier, or peaceful herd, according to whichever way his duty called him. In war he could wield the sword, in peace he could use the sickle; he could cut down legions with the one, and corn with the other, just as he was required; but if the State and the country demanded his services, there he was, ready, willing, and anxious. Excellent Cincinnatus!

Now it would hardly do to draw any comparison between Mr. Surman and Cincinnatus. Mr. Surman, indeed, is, in some respects, the very opposite of Cincinnatus. Mr. Surman will be generalissimo or nothing. He cares for the post of conductor more than for the interests of art. He hated the ingratitude of the legions he had commanded, and, as he in-

sinuates, enlisted, trained, and perfected—he detested their ingratitude; and when the majority of the voice popular elected a new generalissimo in his place, he did not, like Cincinnatus, retire into obscurity, but, like Coriolanus, marshalled a new army, and fought against his own. The time has yet to come, however, when Mr. Surman shall have reduced the "old Romans" of the chorus to extremity, and made them sue for peace. Mr. Costa has a stouter sword than the captain who opposed the renegade Consul, and his legions are fiercer than the captain's legions; although the legions of the new Coriolanus are "more than 800," while those of the Italian captain are "less than 700"—including the "16 double-basses."

To descend from the forum, however, and enter Exeter Hall; every one is aware that when, in 1848, Mr. Costa was appointed conductor-in-chief and *in perpetuo* of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. Surman, disdaining to cry "peccavi" to the Autocrat of all the Orchestras, set up the London Sacred Harmonic Society, and by this title endeavoured to make it appear that the other was only a provincial body. But after all, this was no ill compliment, since the "provincials" at Norwich and Birmingham, in their performances of oratorios, are notoriously better than their brethren of the Sacred Harmonic; and, in consonance with its assumed degree, the latter, not being the "London" Sacred Harmonic, has been as notoriously better than the Society which actually affixes the metropolitan *sobriquet* to its name and title. Seriously, it must not be supposed that any fair comparison can be made between the lax execution of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, and the occasionally vigorous and fine performances of the other. Whereas in the latter there are too many amateurs, both in band and chorus, in the former there are three times too many; whereas the latter does not bring forward a new oratorio by a first-rate composer for want of will, the other neglects to do so for want of power; whereas the Sacred Harmonic condescends to advertisement-puffs and self laudation, in order to forward its views and interests, the London Sacred Harmonic Society beats it hollow on both these points. Out of the advertised "800," there are not perhaps 200 who can really sing or play. So great a discrepancy, indeed, between promise and accomplishment is without parallel in the annals of musical announcements. Mr. Bunn and his "blaze of triumph," the "pious virtues" of the "Nightingale," the "real Adelphi hits," and "roars of laughter" at the two burlesques of Mad. de Girardin's *La Joie fait Peur*, between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge, are positively nothing to it. In this branch of the art of musical performance, Mr. Surman may be said to have outdone the greatest masters. Had the late Mr. George Robins been instructed to put up the London Sacred Harmonic Society and its conductor to auction, with all his genius for premonitory paragraph, he could have invented nothing more pithy, more telling, and more opposed to fact than the "800" which stands at the foot of the programmes and advertisements.

From the annual report—which was produced the other day, at a general meeting in Exeter Hall—it appears that the London Sacred Harmonic Society has given no fewer than *six* concerts during the season, and that the money derived from the subscriptions and sale of tickets has more than defrayed the expenses. This is consoling to the members, since it ensures them another year of existence, and to the public, since six more performances may be reckoned on.

* Nearly 700.

We have no quarrel whatever with the report in general, nor with the compliments to Mr. Surman, nor with the satisfaction expressed by "all parties," nor with the matter of course "testimonial," to which we shall willingly subscribe a guinea—and for this reason alone, viz.: that we love to see amateurs assemble together for the purpose of enjoying music, either by executing it themselves or by hearing it executed. The only paragraph in the report to which we can find objection is that referring to "one of the fundamental rules of the society." The "fundamental rule" in question, is the "encouragement of native talent," which has been "carried out by the engagement of English singers for the principal parts in the various oratorios." Now, with all deference, this is sheer talk—a "tinkling cymbal," as Lord Bacon says—nothing better. The "fundamental rule" should rather be called a "base convenience." The foreign singers demand higher terms than the "natives" (frown not, reader, we are not insinuating that they are better, or even as good, in sacred oratorios), and, therefore, "native talent" is "encouraged." But, as Mr. Surman cannot give his oratorios without singers, the engagement of singers is compulsory; and it is consequently mere puffing to brag of the "encouragement of native" or any other "singers," when matters may not possibly go on without them. Mr. Gye does not "encourage" Grisi and Mario, when he engages them to sing at the Italian Opera; nor does Mr. Surman "encourage" Miss Birch and Mr. Sims Reeves by employing their services at the concerts of the London Sacred Harmonic. This species of "gammon" should be carefully avoided by our great musical societies. People are sick of being told, by speculators, who speculate for their own ends, that they are sacrificing themselves on the altar of the public welfare, when it is well known they are trying to make money and position—to gain an honest livelihood, in short, just as a baker does by baking and selling bread. These shifts and subterfuges should be left to Messrs. Hyam and Moses.

There is a better view, however, to take of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, and one which should lead to some hope of its permanent establishment. When a man has many friends, who remain firm and constant under all circumstances, in foul weather as in fair, in adversity as in prosperity, he must perforce possess certain good qualities which entitle him to their esteem and support. That is the position of Mr. Surman. After conducting the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society for many years, and from its earliest foundation, he finds himself suddenly ejected from office by a majority of the most influential members. Nothing daunted though defeated, rejected but *not* dishonoured, Mr. Surman makes an appeal, which is immediately responded to by a very large number of individuals, who, as a proof of the confidence they repose in him, place means at his disposal which enable him, in an incredibly short time, to institute another society with the same object and on the same scale as that which he had originally founded, and of the direction of which he had been mulcted. It is a fact—and facts are unanswerable—that Mr. Surman still possesses his corner in Exeter Hall, still wields his *bâton* at the concerts of an important body of amateurs, and has succeeded in carrying them on for no less than six years, in spite of the formidable proximity of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Autocrat of all the Orchestras. Let him, then, try to make the performances good; let him consider quality rather than number; let him work with zeal night and day; let him do his duty to the society and to the public; and he will have yet a

chance to prosper. In which case, like the Turks at Silistria, he may say with genuine disdain, "Analare eshek siksin!" to his enemies the *pesevangs*.

COPYRIGHT does not exist in common law. Therefore a native has, by common law, no property in the offspring of his brain; and, if not a native, of course much less a foreigner. What a man makes with his hands, according to common law, is his own; but what he makes with his head is anybody's. He may sell the first for money and save something for old age when he shall no longer be robust and active; but he cannot sell the last, and lay by a pittance for a time when the intellect is dull and the fancy quenched. This being common law, Queen Anne, or her advisers, found it uncommon lax, and made a statute to amend it, by which statute a vigorous intellect was provided for as well as an iron frame, and heads were allowed the same advantages as arms. Common law has overlooked many important matters which statute law has taken into consideration; and this is one of them. The avowed object of the act of copyright was to encourage letters and induce men of genius to exert themselves for the good of the world. It was a just and healthy object, since it is well known that a successful merchant may amass a fortune in a few years, and live like a bishop; while a successful poet often finds it hard to make a bare income, and live like a curate. But, in the framing of the statute, there was, it would appear, so much obscurity of diction, that, although the spirit was accepted, the letter was not precisely understood.

That the encouragement of literature and art cannot be virtually enforced unless a hand is held out to foreigners, who have distinguished themselves so greatly in both, will hardly be denied. Yet, from the time of Queen Anne until now, although the majority has thought otherwise and acted upon that opinion, it would seem that no privilege whatever has really been accorded to the stranger, who, whatever his moral right to the laboured produce of his brain, may be pilfered here with impunity, and that all that has been "done and enacted" by our law-makers and law-givers on the subject of copyright, has conferred no benefit on them. The recent case of *Jefferys v. Boosey* has shewn that the laws of copyright have been misunderstood, not merely by the foreigner, not merely by the native-born subject of Great Britain, who has dealt with the foreigner in the full conviction that what he got from him in return for what he paid him would be entitled to the same protection as is accorded to every other species of British property, but even by the dispensers of the law—the judges of the land themselves. How can this possibly be explained? how can it be excused, if explained?

The late decision in the House of Lords affects so seriously the class whose interests we have the honour to represent, that we may be pardoned for once more adverting to it. The opinion of three learned Lords, being now the law of the land, must, of course, be respected. It would be needless to point out the apparent motives of such an interpretation of an old Act, as that which their Lordships adopted, or the inconsistency of over-ruling the declared opinions of ten learned and living judges, to say nothing of the decisions of twenty years in so many various courts.

The great hardship of the new law (for we must call the present reading a new law, since it is in opposition to all acknowledged precedents), is in making the remuneration for an author's labour dependant on his presence in England at

the time of the publication of his work. What advantage this can bring to ourselves, to the government, or to the author, we are at a loss to divine. The Lord Chancellor asserts that a line must always be drawn somewhere in legislating, and that this line is of necessity met on either side with contradictory absurdities. We beg, however, to insist, that when this line is drawn for the purpose of dividing right from wrong, the results, although sometimes unexpected, can never appear ridiculous—since it is admitted that the line is indispensable and was indicated by the legislature with a direct view to the ends of justice and of truth. But when a line is drawn where there should be no line at all, the purport can only be vexation and injustice. The case of *Boosey v. Jeffreys*, involves an example of the *absurdities* to which the Lord Chancellor alludes. It is evident that the Lords did not wish to give the foreigner a copyright, although they were afraid to deprive him of it entirely. Thus they set about discovering in what manner he should be compelled to support his claim to the right of selling his book in this country, and ended by the magnanimous admission that his presence in England *for one day* should make him an Englishman in respect to the right of literary property. "He thus," says Lord St. Leonards, "will owe a *temporary* allegiance to our Sovereign." What allegiance he really owes, and what respect he absolutely pays to our legislature, by coming to London to sell his book, it is out of our power, and we think beyond the ingenuity of Lord St. Leonards, to explain. He comes himself to market—that is all—and upon this vulgar incident his ability to sell his copyright depends. Quite as reasonably might the capacity of a prime minister be tested by his ability to walk twenty miles before breakfast. It may very well answer the purpose of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, if she be well enough, to come to England and sell her book, since she is likely to receive an enormous sum for it! but is it not unjust to deprive the poor and ill-paid authoress of the reward of her labour and talents on which a large family may possibly depend, either because she can afford neither the time nor the money for the journey; or, on the other hand, be prevented from undertaking it by sickness. Rather take away a foreigner's copyright altogether, than let it rest on so miserable a contingency. If some restrictions be indispensable to sound policy, would it not be sufficient to provide that the book be published in England *first*. Surely this would be a fairer and a better dispensation than the other.

The new law affects musicians even more than authors. A composer who may write some dozen ballads in the course of a year would hardly be able to afford time and money to travel to London with each of them, even if he lived no further than Paris or Brussels. The cost of the journeys would exceed the price of the songs; so that let his works be ever so good, others may profit by them, while he is forbidden. Is this just legislation?—is it wise legislation?

If the decision had been suggested with a view to the protection of the commercial interests of this country we should say nothing about it. But when it is remembered that those for whom we are legislating are men of genius (and there are not too many such on record) whose talents are exclusively devoted to our instruction and entertainment, we must protest against it. To revive an old and musty act of Parliament and forcibly interpret it in a spirit adverse to that of the age in which we live, and thus to deprive the man of talent, perhaps of genius, of the means by which he exists—of his bread—is as absurd as it is intolerable. To base the arguments against the poor foreign musician upon the

fact of there being no copyright by common-law, is at the best paltry and mean. Of what use is the distinction between common-law and statute-law in a case like this?

It is acknowledged by statute that an author may print his own work, and this having been accepted by society with unanimous approbation for centuries, what can be the object of ferreting out some ancient Acts of Parliament to discover whether copyrights existed before the statutes were enacted. It is evident that no such thing as copyright (in its present meaning) could have existed until printing was invented, and it is, therefore, not surprising that statutes should be made to supply the want when the advantages derived from printing were made available to authors.

From this the three "legislators" go on to say that, as a copyright cannot exist except by statute, and as our statutes were only made for ourselves, a foreigner cannot be protected in his supposed literary rights—which is neither more nor less than a piece of abstract reason for a party purpose. In reading such opinions, we are inclined to believe that, in the House of Lords, the atmosphere of law is so extremely rare, that justice cannot live in it. We tremble for the future race of suitors. This country pretends to set an example to others in its boasted liberal policy, more especially in matters connected with education and enlightenment of the people; but, in the petty and lamentable case of the first of August, common sense, which spoke in favour of the poor author, was utterly extinguished by the logic, or rather sophistry, of certain noble Lords, who entertain, or profess to entertain, views of their own which are utterly at variance with those of the world at large.

P.S. It is worthy notice, by the way, that a foreigner actually loses his copyright altogether—since it is understood that he *cannot possess it by common law*. Now, some time ago, H.R.H. Prince Albert prosecuted a man for copying some of his water colour sketches. According to Act of Parliament, it appears that the man had a right to do so, as the Prince had made a number of copies which he had distributed without publishing. But the Judge decided that *common law* gave the Prince a right to *print* the sketches, and so the man was punished.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Otello* was performed with the same cast as before, followed by *L'Etoile*. The attendance was not numerous; but the opera went off with spirit, and was on the whole finely played.

The performance on Monday night was for the benefit of Madame Grisi, who, on that occasion, took her farewell of the English stage. The last appearance of the admirable artist attracted to the theatre the rank and fashion of the metropolis, and all her admirers into the bargain, who number more than the rank and fashion; but the theatre would have been still more crowded, had it not been for the rapacity of certain speculators, who purchased a number of pit tickets, and would not be satisfied with a double profit. As much as three guineas was asked and obtained for a seat in the pit, on the day of the performance. Every lover of Grisi, however, unfortunately could not afford to subscribe to such an exorbitant demand, and many seats in the pit were, in consequence, unoccupied during the evening. It must be borne in mind that the management had made an unusual departure from old custom, by converting the entire pit into stalls. At any other time the public, doubtless, would not have put up with this infringement on their vested rights. How the renters forbore from complaining, or to what part of the house they adjourned, we cannot guess.

The reception given to Grisi on her entrance as Norma may

be imagined; it cannot be described. The approach of the coming storm was felt sensibly, when the first of the solemn chords, which herald the coming of the Druid priestess, were played. Before her appearance, however, the audience could not contain themselves, and began applauding; but the grand burst, which literally shook the walls of the theatre, did not come until Grisi's majestic form appeared in view. The great artist marched slowly and gracefully down to the foot-lights, saluted by a roar of voices that would have scared a forest of Numidian lions.

But if the reception was so enthusiastic, what was the leave-taking? Here the pen falls from our hands; and we shall not even attempt to describe it. The most affecting circumstance of the evening, which was full of interesting and affecting incidents, was the feeling which seemed to seize on the audience suddenly, when, in the grand duet in the *Huguenots* with Mario, Grisi utters a shriek and falls senseless, as Raoul, rushing from her, leaps out of the window. As if anticipating the general sensation, a young lady, when the curtain was falling, exclaimed aloud—"It is the last of Grisi!"—a sentence which went home to every heart like a funeral bell. It were easy to say that Grisi was called for again and again; that the stage was covered with bouquets and other votive offerings every time she appeared; that the audience cheered till they were hoarse, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs till they were tired; but the real heart-feeling, the genuine sorrow, the interchange of regrets, expressed in such an unmistakable manner on one side, and received with so much deep gratitude on the other, cannot be said, or, if said, could only be understood by those who were present and saw and appreciated what was passing. A grander or a more imposing sight was never witnessed in a theatre, than when, on Grisi coming on alone, at the end of the performance, after twice appearing with Mario, the whole house rose simultaneously as if by general command, and remained standing for several minutes, giving vent in various ways to their emotions. Even the ladies were not content with clapping and waving their handkerchiefs, but added their voices to those of the men, and would fain have been as vociferous. When at length the great artist had withdrawn behind the green curtain which shut her out for ever from the public gaze, and one final cheer was given to speed her to fortune in the new world, a grief profound as midnight fell upon the heart, to think that the eye had looked its last upon one who for twenty years had made so many hours of existence pleasurable, and that the joy of those hours would never come again. The excitement over, Sadness enveloped the audience as in a cloak, and Silence usurped the place of Clamour.

Every subsequent opera of Rossini's produced at the Royal Italian Opera, proves that the Swan of Pesaro, notwithstanding that the *répertoire* contains already fourteen of his works, has been unduly neglected. The two comic operas, brought out this year for the first time at Covent Garden—*Matilda di Shabran* and *Il Conte Ory*—are such admirable specimens of Rossini's style, and such *chefs d'œuvre* of comic writing, that the subscribers, if they know anything of good music, and the public, if they are not spoiled by the modern school, will render it imperative on the management to bring out more operas of the *gran maestro*. Every work of Rossini we shall believe is worth a hearing, until we hear one that is not. Meanwhile the directors of the Royal Italian Opera are to be thanked for the production of such rare and delightful works as *Matilda di Shabran* and *Il Conte Ory*, which, we think, if played oftener, with others from the same source, cannot fail to give the taste for good music a purer and healthier tone.

The first performance of *Il Conte Ory* took place on Tuesday evening at the Royal Italian Opera. This opera had been promised for three years, and was only given at the eleventh hour of the third. But, for the production of such a work at any time, more especially when executed in so admirable a manner as on Tuesday night, we are bound to offer our acknowledgments on the part of those who love music for itself. We accept the two performances of *Il Conte Ory*—that of Tuesday, which we have seen, and that of this evening, which we hope to see—as precursors to many performances next season.

The cast of *Il Conte Ory* might have been more attractive. It was, nevertheless, really efficient, and must not be found fault with. The three ladies—Mesdames Bosio, Marai, and Nantier-Didié—could hardly be exchanged for better. They all acquitted themselves to admiration; and Madame Bosio sang with no less wonderful brilliancy, facility, and grace in the Contessa, than in Matilda. Signor Luchesi is heard to great advantage in Rossini's florid music, and that of the Count requires much powers of execution, so much so that we wonder how M. Duprez, for whom the part was written, could have sung it. The *buffo* part, that of the Preceptor, was powerfully sustained by M. Zelger, who was the original when the opera was brought out by the French company at the St. James's Theatre; and Signor Tagliafico was excellent in that of the barytone, Ram-baldo, and gave the splendid *aria buffa*, "In quel deserto loco," in first-rate style, and with real comic *gusto*.

For various reasons we have refrained from detailing the story, or analysing the music of *Il Conte Ory*. Enough at present to say that the plot is feeble, and that the music is ingenious, original, exhilarating, melodious, most charming and perfectly Rossinian throughout; and that, except *Il Barbiere*, it may be compared with any comic work of the author; and, indeed, in some respects, with any of his operas. The performance on Tuesday night gave universal satisfaction, and we have little doubt but that *Il Conte Ory*, next season, after a few performances, will become a favourite with the subscribers and habitués of the Royal Italian Opera.

On Thursday *La Prophète* was given, and to-night the season comes to an end with *Il Conte Ory*.

DEPARTURE OF GRISI AND MARIO FOR AMERICA.—LIVERPOOL, August 9.—The United States' mail steam-ship *Baltic*, Comstock commander, took her departure for New York this morning, with a large cargo, the usual mail, and a fair complement of passengers, among whom were Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, and accompanied by Mr. Hackett, of New York, with whom a professional engagement has been made, several other *artistes*, and a physician. Prior to their going on board, Mr. Radleigh, of the Adelphi Hotel, where they remained during their brief stay in Liverpool, received from London a rich and valuable silver epergne for Madame Grisi, and a gold ring for Signor Mario, the presents of a lady in town, as a mark of the delight she had experienced by their performance on Monday night, at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Grisi directed the epergne to be sent to her friends in London, but Signor Mario took the ring with him. Their engagement commences at New York on the 4th of September.

ERNST has not, as was asserted, left London. He has changed his intention, and will not go abroad at present. A treaty between the celebrated violinist and the committee of one of the forthcoming great provincial festivals has been reported. The name of such an artist would add greatly to the attractions of the evening concerts.

MR. FERDINAND PRAEGER has returned to London from a tour on the Rhine. The talented composer and pianist was also present at the Rotterdam Festival.

M. VIVIER has arrived at Baden-Baden, where he is engaged to play at a grand concert to be given on the 12th (to-day). Mlles. Sophie and Marie Crivelli, Mad. Albani, and other celebrated artists are also at Baden.

FUNERAL OF MEYERBEER'S MOTHER.—On the first of July the funeral of Mad. Amalia Beer, mother of the composer Meyerbeer, took place at Berlin. After the religious service was over, the procession moved on slowly towards the cemetery. The funeral car was immediately followed by a company of Jewish orphans of both sexes, and a second company of Christian orphans also of both sexes—two institutions founded and endowed by Madame Beer; next came a crowd of persons of all classes, whose numbers must have exceeded thirty thousand, according to an eye-witness; next came the carriages of the king and prince of Prussia, followed by others belonging to the ministers and nobility. The municipality of Berlin assisted in a body, preceded by its two Burgomasters; as also the most distinguished men in the arts and sciences, among whom were the Baron Humboldt and the great Hellenist, Bäckh. The convoy proceeded to the Jewish cemetery, where the mortal remains of Madame Beer were consigned to the family vault.

DRAMATIC.

STRAND.—This theatre maintains its reputation in the production of extravaganzas. The new burlesque on *Faust*, is likely to be as successful as its predecessor on *Sardanapalus*, for it fills the house nightly. The melo-drama of *The Miller's Maid* exhibits the acting of Miss C. Wharton in a very favourable light.

SURREY THEATRE.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was produced here in an English uniform for the first time on Monday night. Miss Romer has expended both money and pains in getting it up. The scenery was well painted—the first scene really beautiful—the dresses were showy, and the decorations splendid. Two hundred auxiliaries, if we may credit the programme, were called in to give effect to the grand procession of the coronation scene. There were several suits of real armour, and the costume of Mr. Augustus Braham, who played John of Leyden, in the scene of the installation, would not have sat amiss on Feramorz—whose dress, by the way, must have been closely copied—when laying down his simple garb of poet, he appeared before Lalla Rookh in all his glory, as King of Cashmere. It was a pity that the *costumier* did not make a distinction between Munster in Germany, and

"That delightful province of the sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon."

Had he been a real Munster man, he could not have committed a more downright blunder, than by selecting the coronation garments of the Prophet King from the traditions of Eastern mythology. Such costume as Mr. Augustus Braham wore on Monday night as John of Leyden have we seen Mr. Savio or Mr. Wilson strut about in, in the ball scene of *Cinderella*—the English version, which adheres to the fairy business. Nevertheless, the audience were highly pleased with Mr. Augustus Braham's dress, and applauded it warmly. There was never a more easily-pleased audience than that of the Surrey Theatre. If the intention of the management be good, the allowance they make is unbounded. They never trouble themselves as to whether a thing is right or wrong; if they think the will to please them is present, they seem to be as much pleased as if they were really pleased. How satisfactory to the manager who has an indifferent company, band, and chorus. Let him but show a determination to gratify his visitors, and he need not care whether he succeeds. The fact of his not succeeding will prove, in this instance, a success. The performance of the *Prophète* by the Surrey Company on Monday night, was received with immense applause—a proof positive that the fair manageress did all she could to deserve it. The cast included Mr. Augustus Braham (John of Leyden); Messrs. St. Albyn, Borrani, and O. Somers (the three Anabaptists); Mr. H. Corri (Count Oberthal); Miss Romer (Fides); and Miss Rebecca Isaacs (Bertha). This does not look bright on paper; but the principals generally acquitted themselves well. Mr. Augustus Braham sang well, and will act better, we have no doubt, when he becomes more familiar with his part. Miss Romer looks well, makes up well, and would sing better as Fides, if the music suited her; but she wants the low notes. Miss Rebecca Isaacs is more energetic than interesting as Bertha, whom the poet, Scribe, meant to be more interesting than energetic. Nevertheless, she sings the music like an artist, and her acting displays intelligence. Of the three Anabaptists we cannot speak favourably. We make allowance, however, for Mr. St. Albyn, who is new to the stage, and who shows raw stuff in him, out of which something may be manufactured. The band and chorus could hardly have been more inefficient. The theatre was crowded in every part, and the performance received throughout with unbounded applause. No doubt the *Prophète* will have a long run at the Surrey Theatre, and repay the management for the expenses entailed in its production.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent).—The new arrangement relating to the Théâtre-Lyrique is at present a *fait accompli*. The privilege granting the direction of that theatre to M. Perrin is signed and sealed. The following, concerning the manner in which the Opéra-Comique and Théâtre-Lyrique will in future be carried on, appeared in the *Messager des Théâtres*, from the pen of M. Achille Denis, who takes an opportunity to arraign the correctness of the *Musical World*:

"Each of the two establishments will have a separate company and special *répertoire*. The Théâtre-Lyrique will not be the vassal of its elder brother; on the contrary, every effort will be made to keep up a noble spirit of emulation between the two, which cannot fail to be profitable to the art. Matters have been so arranged that the company of the Théâtre-Lyrique cannot, in any case, be diverted from their special

mission. With regard to Mad. Marie Cabel, who, last year, was the means of investing the Théâtre-Lyrique with a special importance, the plan adopted by the Minister possesses the advantage of retaining for the stage of the Boulevard du Temple the lady who is its most brilliant personification. M. Emile Perrin has made all the sacrifices necessary to restore Mad. Marie Cabel to the scene of her first triumphs. In this place, however, we must point out as incorrect certain eccentric particulars relative to the engagement of Mad. Cabel, which were published by the *Musical World*, and quoted by us, without reserve."

It is understood that the fact of M. Perrin's obtaining the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique will not interfere with the establishment of the Place Favart, to which he is bound to devote all his energy and attention. As a proof of this, in a few days from the present moment an important revival—Hérod's *Pré-aux-Clercs*, with Mdlle. Caroline Duprez in the part of Marguerite—will take place at the Opéra-Comique. This work is worthy to follow the *Etoile du Nord*. Among the new operas in perspective, I may mention one entitled *Miss Fauvette*, the subject from the fable of *Le Savetier et le Financier*, the music by M. Victor Massé.

The new manager of the Vaudeville is making extensive alterations in his theatre.—An agreeable trifle, *Les Antipodes*, by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, has been successful at the Variétés.—Three novelties were given lately at the Palais-Royal, all on the same evening: *Une Majesté de dix Ans*, a one-act vaudeville by M. Lefebvre; *La Pile de Volta*, by MM. Siraudin and Larouinat; and *Corisette en Prison*, by M. Victor Mangin.—*Le Sanglier des Ardennes*, a melo-drama of the old school, by M. Emile Vanderbuck, has been well received at the Gaîté.—The Académie des Beaux Arts has appointed M. Halévy perpetual secretary in the place of M. Raoul Rochette. There is consequently a place vacant, for which M. Hector Berlioz is the most formidable competitor.—M. Danicar Philidor, a near relation to Boieldieu, has been appointed, by the Minister of State, sub-inspector of theatres.

The Comité de l'Association des Inventeurs et Artistes Industriels, which numbers among its members a great many pianoforte-makers and manufacturers of other musical instruments, held its general annual meeting at the Conservatoire Impérial des Arts et Métiers, Baron Taylor in the chair. The meeting was numerously attended. In the report of the useful labours of the institution, the following passages gave particular satisfaction, as denoting its prosperity:—

"At the present moment, the interest of the fund created by our President, for the benefit of literature, science, and art, amounts, for dramatic artists, to 30,000 francs; for musical artists, to 15,000 francs; for painters, to 15,000 francs; for us (inventors), to 12,000 francs; and for literary men, 3,800 francs, making in all an income of 65,000 francs, that is to say, a capital of more than a million-and-a-half of francs, exclusive of nearly a million distributed in charity and pensions."

Madame Stolz is expected this week.—Madame Cerito has gone to Baden for the purpose of recruiting her health. She remains until the opening of the Grand Opéra, which is fixed for the 15th instant.—*L'Etoile du Nord* being temporarily withdrawn, M. Bataille has taken his *congé*.

ITALY.—News is at the present moment scarce. The gleanings from the Italian papers are, indeed, hardly worth translating. True, they are full of paragraphs about such and such a distinguished tenor, *prima donna di cartello*, or *prima basso assoluto* being *disponibile*—which means, open to an offer; but our readers are indifferent to the self-praises of these forlorn singers, and must be content with the small amount of news we can find. The Neapolitan journals give a list of artists engaged for the theatre of Palermo, which is advertised to open on the first of September: *prima donna*, Signora Lotti; tenors, Signori Graziani and Ruggiero; Signori Fiori and Vitti, baritones; and Signori Gargia and Scheggi, basses. The same journal also states that Signor Joseph Donizetti, brother of the celebrated composer, and director of the imperial military bands in Turkey, has received from the Sultan the decoration of the Order of the Fourth Class, Mugadié. The poet Guidi has been engaged to

* The *Musical World* statement was perfectly true, as the sequel will probably show.—Ed.

write a *libretto*, the words of which will be set by a joint-stock company of musicians, the names of a few of whom are Signors Cagnoni, Coccia, Fiori, Gambini, Mabbellini, Mazzucato, Nini, Pacini, Picchi, Ricci, Rossi, and Sannelli. The wording of the above in the Italian paper is not so clear as we could wish; so that we cannot say whether each of the above will contribute a bit of the music, or if the poem will be set to music entirely by each composer. The former is the more probable. At any rate, public curiosity is on tiptoe, as well it may, and we must infer that poets are rare birds in Italy, or that composers are overplentiful in the market. We find in the *Musical Gazette* of Florence that the *début* of Madame Pierdeferei, *contralto*, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the Cocomero, was not considered satisfactory. Another lady, who has been "starring" as an amateur at public and private concerts, also made her first appearance in the same opera, with very doubtful success; and offered another illustration of the difference between singing a *cavatina* or duet in a concert-room, and sustaining the weight of a principal part in an opera. Among the names of those engaged for the forthcoming season at the Pergola, we find those of Madame Crippa, *prima donna*; Sig. Fraschini, tenor; Sig. Baraldi, barytone; and Sig. Bonazzi, *basso profondo*. In the musical journal *Il Pirata*, we are told the new opera, *La Duchessa de la Valiera* by Sig. Petrocini, has been very successful at Forlì; the composer was recalled several times. The *prima donna*, Signora Arrigotti, and the tenor, Colivi, highly distinguished themselves. At the Carcano, Milan, the new opera, *Ida di Danimarca*, by Sig. Rieschi, increases in public favour. Several of the *cabalette* in this opera are said to end in the fifth of the key instead of returning to the tonic. The Milan papers speak very highly of a Madame Marcolini, both as actress and singer. At Brescia, Verdi's *Il Trovatore* has been successful. This opera seems to be going the round of the Italian theatres. At Udine it has been well received, the principal parts being filled by Signore Corsi and Piccolomini, Signori Baucardé, Cresci and Pons.

VIENNA.—(From our own correspondent.)—At the Imperial Opera-house, Fräulein Tietjens has been successful as Rezia in Weber's *Oberon*. She was greatly applauded in the air, "Ocean, du Ungeheuer."—Herr Metzger lately gave a concert, in the garden and rooms of the *Grosser Zeisig*, half the net receipts being given to the poor of the Spitalberg suburbs.

BERLIN.—(From our own correspondent.)—There is a report here that the mother of Henriette Sontag, at present residing in Dresden, has not yet received, from Mexico, any letter announcing her daughter's decease. M. Meyerbeer has gone to Ischl, to take the waters for the benefit of his health. He will proceed thence to Vienna, to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*.

AIX-LA-CHAPPELLE.—Mad. Stradiot-Mende has appeared as Romeo, in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, and Agathe, in *Der Freischütz*, and sustained the good impression she had already produced in *Fidelio*. Herr von Flotow's *Indra* will shortly be produced with Fräulein Pauline Marx in the principal character. This young lady has proved an attraction. Fräulein Johanna Wagner has created a great sensation by her singing and acting as Fides in *Der Prophet*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mad. de la Grange has commenced a short engagement as Rosine, in *The Barber of Seville*.

HAMBURG.—The directors of the United Theatres have summoned the members by a circular, and proposed that they shall play until the first of May, 1855, under the present management, on the sharing principle, and, at the same time, assume the responsibility of the debts of the enterprise. In case the artists refuse to enter on this arrangement, the management announces the intention of declaring itself bankrupt. The present deficit is said to amount to 41,200 thalers. This unexpected state of things is said to have been considerably accelerated by the excessive heat during the last few weeks. The companies include altogether more than 300 persons.

MUNICH.—In obedience to the commands of his Majesty the King, the dramatic "stars," engaged on the occasion of the Great Exhibition here, the *régisseurs*, with some other of the superior *employés* of the theatre, and the representatives of the

press, were invited on the 24th of last month to a grand dinner in the green-room of the Hoftheater. About six o'clock his Majesty unexpectedly made his appearance, and stopped about an hour. Before leaving, the artistic monarch drank "Prosperity to the Dramatic Art of Germany."—On the 22nd ult., a grand military concert, in honour of the opening of the Exhibition, took place at Neuberghausen. The following was the programme:—1. *Kriegs-Priester* march from *Athalie*, by Mendelssohn; 2. Finale of the first act of *Santa-Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; 3. The overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, by Herr Franz Lachner; 4. Symphony in C major, by Mozart; 5. Overture to *Santa-Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; 6. *Kriegerische Jubel-Fantaisie*, by Lindpaintner; 7. Duet, "Fremd steh' ich in dem fremden Lande," *Santa Chiara*, by H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; 8. *Jagd-Sinfonie*, by Mehul; 9. Overture to the *Etoile du Nord*, by M. Meyerbeer, and, to conclude, *Lagerleben* ("Camp-life"), a grand military *pot-pourri*, including the *Schlacht bei Waterloo*, by C. M. von Weber, and the *Schlacht bei Vittoria*, by L. von Beethoven. Among other musical notabilities present were Spohr, Lindpaintner, Moschelles, Taubert, Gade, and the brothers Wieniawski. There are one hundred and seven pianos in the exhibition, sent by the principal German makers.

MAD. CHÉRI, mother of Mad. Rose Chéri and Mad. Lesueur, died on Saturday, the 29th of July. She was buried on the following Monday, her funeral being attended by a great many artists from the Gymnase, which establishment was closed that evening, as a mark of respect for the deceased.

HANOVER.—The King has published a collection of original songs, written to words by Schiller, Heine, etc. It is dedicated by His Majesty to the Queen.

GRATZ.—Herr Theodor Formes has been successful as George Brown in *Die Weisse Frau*, and Eleazar in *Die Jüdin*.

BARCELONA.—Signora Angri has become the wife of Don Pedro Arella, director of the Philharmonic Society here.

MALAGA.—An Italian opera company, consisting of sixty-eight members, has arrived. They are engaged for two years at Bahia, in the Brazil, and will give a series of representations previous to embarking.

MADRID.—M. Sivori has left this city and proceeded to Seville, where, in spite of the heat, he gave four concerts in eight days. After the second, the Santa Cecilia Society serenaded him by torch-light. At his last, the enthusiasm of the audience was still greater. The *fantasia* on *Lucia* and the *Carnaval de Madrid* were encored. A rich amateur presented Sig. Sivori with a gold crown, and the room was inundated with copies of complimentary verses. M. Sivori intends to visit Cadiz, Xeres, Malaga, Valencia, and Gibraltar. —(Spanish Papers.—Ed.)

LISBON.—A young Spanish singer, pupil of the Madrid Conservatory, Donna Amalia Anglis Fortuni, has produced a highly favourable impression here. (Mlle. Fortuni was in London recently and sang at the concert of Mad. Puzzi.—Ed.)

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.—It is the opinion of some that theatrical performers should accustom themselves to assume a kind of dignity and decorum in private life, in order to render their conduct on the stage in the representation of great personages more easy and natural. Mossop carried this to a ridiculous extent, and adopted an inflated manner on the most trivial occasion. "Woman!" said he to an unfortunate actress, who in vain assailed him for her arrears of salary, "begone from my presence, and trouble us no longer!" One night, when he returned home to his lodgings, after performing Richard III., he flew into a violent passion with his servant, who appeared before him with a small candle, and exclaimed, "Fellow, is that wretched rushlight fit to light his majesty to bed?" A French audience at a theatre is much more apt to be subdued by the intensity of an actor than an English one. On one occasion, when Dumesnil, as Merope, was proceeding to order the death of Egiste, not knowing who he was, a voice from the pit, almost inarticulate with sobs, cried out, "Don't kill him, he is your own son!" During a performance of *Britannicus*, a grenadier posted on the stage, after the custom of the time, was so intent upon the action of the play, and so indignant at the treachery of Narcissus, that he presented his musket at the actor, and would have shot him dead, had he not been prevented. Previle was once going on as Larissolle, in the *Mercury Galant*, when the sentry placed in the wing, taking him actually for a drunken soldier, stopped him, and exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, comrade, don't appear in that state, or I shall be sent to the black hole!"

THE FESTIVAL AT ROTTERDAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE concert of the second day was devoted to Haydn's *Seasons*, a work called again by the leader of the "School for the Future," "der überstandene Zeitpunkt"; which opinion, however, is not so unusual as it might seem, since we ourselves have at different time been astonished at hearing it expressed by one of the greatest English musicians, who does not except even the *Creation* from that—to our minds—inconceivably erroneous judgment. Mlle. Ney and Messrs. Roger, Pischek, and Formes took the solo parts, the latter two gentlemen dividing the part of Simon; Pischek sang in the first part, and Formes in the second. We plead, on starting, our great veneration for the genius of Haydn, and, not having heard "the *Seasons*" for some time, were delighted at the freshness and charming simplicity of the ideas, and the mastery with which they were treated, the wonderfully varied scoring, containing so-called dramatic effects of the greatest novelty; and could not help exclaiming repeatedly, when we noticed that some of the most modern composers had been borrowing. To sum up—we were in a high state of enjoyment, at the truly German depth of feeling, the genuine, religious vein pervading the whole work, varied by all the homely emotions of country life; by the seriousness of the old Simon philosophizing about the nothingness of our present life, without the hope of a future, the playful love between Lucas and Hannidieu, the Chase &c., in fact by the whole work, which seemed to us as evergreen as eternal truth. The execution was much superior to that of Handel's oratorio, and Mlle. Ney came out very advantageously, displaying much facility of execution and naïve interpretation suiting the part. We noticed, however, occasionally an inclination to straining the voice, which made her sing too high. How much the great fatigue of the every day rehearsals and performances might be pleaded in extenuation, I do not pretend to settle. M. Roger gave some of the music allotted to him with much sweetness, but we cannot say that he ever came up to what one might have expected from him, considering his reputation. Several *morceaux* were encored, and it was plainly perceivable that Haydn's *Seasons* spoke more directly to the audience than Handel's *Israel* on the previous day. Messrs. Pischek and Formes gave great satisfaction, and the chorus of the "Chase" was boisterously encored. After the concert there was a *fête* at the Officers' Society, in the park. Military music, illumination, and general merriment, finished the second day of the Rotterdam Festival.

MUSIC AT PADUA.

(Extract from a private Letter.)

PADUA, August 3rd.—"I read in your paper that you mention the fact of your countryman, Mr. Charles Braham, being at Padua, but, strange to say, the *Musical World* always goes round by Vercelli before we get it here. Mr. Charles Braham has been treated most shamefully. The following is a true account of the whole transaction. The manager not having paid the singers, two quarters were due to Mr. Braham and Signor Selva the *basso*. These gentlemen consequently signified their intention of not appearing again until they received their money. They were summoned to rehearsal, however, and, on their refusal to go, were called before the Commissary of Police. 'Will you sing or not?' exclaimed the official. 'Certainly not,' was the answer. 'Then you must consider yourselves both under arrest, and attend here again to-morrow at nine o'clock.'

"The next day, at the appointed hour, Mr. Charles Braham and Signor Selva repaired to the police-office, and were thus apostrophized by the mighty functionary:—'Your obstinacy is so great, that I look upon it as a political affair, and shall act in consequence.' He then pulled the bell violently and ordered Signor Selva into arrest. The unfortunate *basso* was immediately stripped of all his valuables, his watch, money, and trinkets, and marched off to the common jail. Mr. Charles Braham, however, was allowed to depart unmolested. An hour after his arrest,

Signor Selva, getting tired of being in prison, consented to yield to the pressure from without. He repaired with Mr. Braham to the theatre, where they were informed that they must both appear in *Robert le Diable* on the following night—Mr. Braham in the part of Roberto, and Signor Selva in that of Bertram.

"Now the rehearsals had been suspended for three days, not one of the singers was perfect in his part, the music had never been tried by the orchestra, and the chorus was miserably deficient. On Sunday, the 31st of July, nevertheless, the opera was produced, and, as you may well imagine, never was 'confusion worse confounded.' In the first act, Mad. Alaimo was hissed in her *romanza*; Mr. Charles Braham got some applause in the *brindisi*; but the public were so enraged at the horrible bungling in the machinery and decorations, and at the dreadful singing of the chorus, after the drinking song, that they would not be satisfied with anything. At last the curtain fell on a scene of most indescribable confusion. The next day, Mad. Alaimo sent to Mr. C. Braham to inform him that he had better not play again in *Roberto*, as there was a party got up to hiss him. He, however, very properly paid no attention to this intimation, and went to the theatre as usual, where the lady had shrewdly sent to say that Mr. Braham was ill and could not play. His appearance, however, in good health, soon set matters right. The fact is, that Mad. Alaimo was quite disgusted with the first night's performance, and wanted to play in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*; *Roberto*, however, was played the same evening, and Mr. C. Braham was not hissed, but the *prima donna* was; and, on the whole, the opera went better.

"On the following night, Mad. Alaimo refused to play in *Roberto*, and *Il Trovatore* was substituted. She was again hissed in the first act, which infuriated her to such a degree that she sent for the President, Marquis Salvatico, and positively declared that she would not play again in *Roberto*. He insisted that she must; she called him 'an idiot,' 'an ass,' 'a thief,' to which he coolly replied that she was 'a woman of no education,' upon this, Mad. Alaimo seized a candlestick, and the Marquis, to avoid a catastrophe, rushed out of the room. The second act of the *Trovatore* now went on, Mad. Alaimo was again hissed, and rushed crying off the stage.

"It is evident that had Mr. C. Braham refused to sing on the second night of *Roberto*, he would have had all the blame thrown on his shoulders. If the opera did not succeed, it was certainly no fault of his; on the contrary, he did what he could to save it. *Medea*, which gains in public estimation, is to be repeated to-night, and I have no doubt Mr. C. Braham, who sings the tenor part, will be received as usual by the public—unless, indeed, a cabal be got up against him."

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9.	"...Ah bel destin; and, Di tu pene	3	0
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